

The Dearest Girl

When all the dancing feet are still,
The rose's bloom is shed and sped,
When she has waited her happy fill
With Will and Jack and Ted and Fred,
Tired of the whirl and jollity,
Her lovely eyes weighed down with
sleep,
Then, at the last, she comes to me,
And she is all my own—to keep!

I find her gloves and tie her wrap,
We say good nights to left and right;
Now I'm the to-be-envied chap!
Ah, now, indeed, it is good night!
Of lovers' joy let woeful prate:
What could a man ask more, in life,
Than this best, dearest gift of fate—
To have a sweetheart for a wife?
—Madeline Bridges in Smart Set.

An Amateur Detective

No one who had happened to observe the figure of Mr. Bromley Brown wandering about his garden on a certain mild April morning would have imagined him to be suffering from an acute sense of regret for his wasted opportunities.

A girl's figure leaned out and a young voice called to him:

"Why do you look so solemn, papa, dear? What a perfect day it is! Warm and sunny enough for June!"

"I was thinking," he said, impressively, "of how very little material comfort signifies, and how few of us are satisfied! I know I may not look it, but since my earliest days I have often told you, I have had a curious, wild craving for adventure, for some excitement outside the deadly routine of a business life. It is hard that of a business life."

Valentine laughed and leaned still further out of the window. She, for her part, was absolutely satisfied with the fair face worn by the world around her.

Her father took off his gold-rimmed glasses and laid down his newspaper.

"Ha! this is most curious!" said he. "What a splendid chance if one could only light upon him—the plausible scoundrel! The shrewd young villain!"

Valentine turned her gray eyes on his shining crimson face.

"Listen to me—Val," he cried; "you remember the general told us last week that the Mumbys and the Jellicoes had both had their pantry windows forced open?"

"Did he? I don't think I was listening."

Mr. Bromley Brown here proceeded to read aloud an extract from the newspaper.

"The 'architect-burglar,' for by this sobriquet this accomplished criminal is now known, has been seen, it is believed, not long ago in this neighborhood, although probably he is now many miles away from the scene of his late exploits. He is described as a young man of gentlemanlike and military appearance, with fair hair and mustache, and wearing clothes of fashionable make."

Mr. Bromley Brown was soon absorbed in meditation. He pictured himself, resolute, terrible, cunning, bounding down this distinguished criminal, bringing him to justice.

He fell asleep to the accompaniment of the lark's song and dreamed that he was the chief of police in Russia. Waking up with a start he heard the clock strike 12.

A few yards away in the road he saw the figure of a young man, tall, fair, yes, and of unmistakably soldierly appearance!

And he was sketching. A thrill ran down Mr. Brown's spine. He might not be the chief of the Russian police, but was he not on the eve of a discovery, an adventure, the possible player in a great and dramatic case?

In one moment his mind had been

made up. He would invite this young man, obviously no other than the architect burglar, with friendly greeting, into his house. A hurried word to the coachman would send him, on swift feet, for two or three of the local police. Another messenger would hasten to Gen. Compton, the sternest of the county magistrates, and he would arrive in time to be a



"And these are lovely spoons," observed the architect burglar, with appalling coolness.

Witness of the discomfiture of a notorious criminal and of the ingenuity and promptitude of his old friend Brown.

Meanwhile the young man had looked up smilingly. In answer to the remarks of the old gentleman by the hedge, he said that he had come a considerable distance—that and this with a very pleasant laugh—well, yes he was thirsty and that there would be plenty of time to finish his sketch after luncheon, and that he thought it a most kind suggestion of his questioner to invite him to have some.

For one instant Mr. Brown glanced nervously at a silver box and candlesticks on Valentine's writing table. Then, murmuring an excuse, he ran panting to the stables; in a choking voice he dispatched the astonished coachman for the police, and a helper, with an impressive message scribbled on a card, to Gen. Compton.

On his return he found the architect-burglar laughing over a favorite book of Valentine's, the "Diary of a Nobody"—and they two talked, Mr. Brown for his part with a curious absent-mindedness of books and different forms of humor.

The parlor maid interrupted them to say that some cold meat was ready, and the two men adjourned to the dining room. The guest seemed truly grateful for a whisky and soda.

"That's a beautiful old cup," he remarked, pointing to a piece of silver of Queen Anne date in the middle of the table.

Mr. Bromley Brown's expression of mingled triumph and sarcasm passed unnoticed by the cheerful young visitor.

The clock struck one—and he rose quickly to his feet.

"Thank you a thousand times for your hospitality," he said, pleasantly. "I am afraid I must be off. You see, I am sketching for duty, not pleasure."

There was a sound of steps at the door, and a voice outside, which sounded like a word of command, said:

"Where is the man?"

The door was flung open, and a tall, soldierly figure stepped quickly into the dining room.

"Well, Brown, what's all this about?"

Gen. Compton, young and alert for his years, stared at his friend with a pair of very keen eyes under white eyebrows. "You told me it was some very urgent business," continued the

general. Then his eyes fell on the young man by the further window. "Bless my soul, Estcourt, I didn't see it was you in the corner!"

"Yes, and how are you, general?" said the young man, advancing with a cordial smile.

Mr. Bromley Brown felt a sudden cold perspiration on his forehead. He was entirely unable to utter a word.

"Mr—Mr?" said the young man, "was so kind as to ask me to have a whisky and soda."

"Ah, then you don't know each other?" said the general. "Brown, this is Lord Estcourt, son of my old friend whom I have often talked about, you know. He is working like a nigger at the college," and the speaker pointed toward a distant view of a large white building miles away beyond the grove of pines. "Estcourt, this is Mr. Bromley Brown, one of my best neighbors."

Mr. Brown felt as if some one had struck him a violent blow on the head.

"Papa! papa!" A fresh young voice came echoing from the garden, and in another moment a young girl ran into the room.

"Papa, there are two policemen here! They say they have come for some one—what does it mean?"

"Oh! only about the chickens that were stolen, my dear," said her father miserably.

"But there are no chickens! You know you wouldn't have any, because you said they spilt the garden."

"Did I say chickens?" Mr. Bromley Brown's dreary expression was that of a victim being led to execution. "Of course, I mean the forced strawberries. Valentine, my dear—"

The young man was still gazing at the lovely, puzzled face of his host's daughter.

"Your father has been so kind to me, Miss Brown," said he. "I am struggling over military drawing, and in daily terror of being plowed."

"Oh! You are studying at the college?"

"Yes—I wonder—would you and your father care to come over and see it some day?"

"Oh, that would be delightful, papa, dear, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed it would." Mr. Brown was still feeling half paralyzed.

"Good-by, Estcourt, my boy," said Gen. Compton. "I have got to have a word now with Brown on some most important business about which I came down."

Lord Estcourt drew a little nearer to Valentine.

"You will drive over very soon, then, Miss Brown?"

"Thank you—I am sure we shall enjoy it ever so much!"

"Then we won't say good-by, I think," said he, as he took her hand. —The King.

Hope.

When all our dreams and aims have come to naught
And darkling clouds of fear and doubt assail;
When all in vain some comfort we have sought,
And all our friends and consolations fail:

When sad-eyed, heavy-lidded sorrow waits
Upon our souls, by poignant grief oppressed,
Deeming ourselves accursed of the Fates,
Who grant us neither happiness nor rest.

Thou comest, heaven-sent, with beaming eye,
To raise us from the depths of our despair;
Thou bid'st us lift our glances to the sky,
When darkling gloom straightway becometh fair:

The morbid mists which wrapped our souls around
Are quickly by thy influence dispelled;
Anticipated pleasures then abound
And all our fears and doubts are haply quelled;

The lowering clouds their silver linings show,
The weary road that once appeared so long
Each moment shorter to us seems to grow,
Whilst all our sighs are turned into song.

"Hurry Up" Lacking.

Almost the first words which Italians learn in coming to this country are "Hurry up!" and this also expresses the first idea which they glean from their new environment. A young Italian who has been in this country just six months found, when he welcomed a younger brother at the end of that time, that there was already a slight difference in their point of view. In deprecating his brother's shortcomings to a friend he remarked:

"I see my brother sees too much Italian; I see he sees not 'nuff hurry up."

First Indication.

Young Wife—I'm afraid Jack does not love me as he formerly did.
Her Mother—What reason have you for thinking so, dear?

Young Wife—He is beginning to read the paper every morning while at breakfast.

Not the Only Attraction.

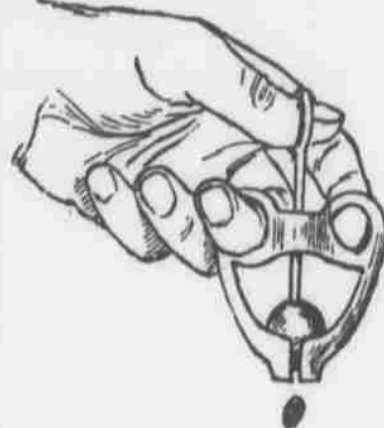
Wife (during the quarrel)—Yes, and people say you only married me for my money.

Husband—People are wrong, my dear. They overlook the fact that you also had considerable real estate.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A Convenience for the Cook.

While the little implement shown in the drawing will be of special use in cherry-canning time it will have work to perform nearly every week in some households in removing seeds from raisins, for which is adapted also. The one special feature which recommends this device is its simplicity, there being only the frame and plunger, with no springs or other mechanism to require extra care in washing. The frame itself is nearly triangular in



shape, with a small concave pocket formed just above the opening through which the seed or stone falls when driven from the fruit. The plunger is a small rod, sliding through an opening in the frame, and the lower end is arched and double pointed to give it a firm grip on the stone. To put this stoner in operation the fingers and thumb are inserted in the proper openings and a cherry is dropped into the pocket by the other hand, when the depression of the plunger will push the stone through the bottom. Then hold the implement at an angle over another receptacle, withdraw the plunger and the stoned cherry will fall from it into the dish. In larger sizes this stoner will work equally as well on plums and similar fruit.

A Novel Canal Lock.

A novel and unusually powerful elevator for lifting canal boats and barges from one level to another is situated at Henrichsburg, on the Dortmund-Ems canal, in Germany. It is capable of lifting a canal boat of 800 tons burdens a distance of about fifty-two feet in slightly over two minutes. The elevator itself, that is the trough in which the boat floats, is about 229 feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. It is raised by a 150-horse power electric motor, which rotates four vertical threaded shafts, one of which is a threaded traveling block supporting the trough. As these shafts are turned around by the motor the four blocks are drawn up along their threads, and carry the elevator along with them. Five floats in a tank beneath the lock on which the elevator rests balance the weight of the trough and the water it contains, amounting in all to some 6,000 or 7,000 tons, so that the energy expended in raising and lowering is little more than that required to overcome the friction. The lock gates are operated by electric motors. The electric generating plant is situated alongside the lock on the canal bank.

Of Interest to the Camper.

The season is a little early for summer camping plans yet, but no doubt the memory of upset coffee pots and kettles while resting on the coals is still with the campers of last year. If so, they can better appreciate the merits of this neat arrangement which has been designed for their convenience by an Indian woman. No one wants to take a whole kitchen along when camping out, and the simpler the outfit the greater the enjoyment, but



A Unique Little Camp Stove.

This "stove" is so easy to transport that no one will question its right to a place in the equipment. As a glance at the drawing will show, the stove has two main parts, though others can be added if desired. The pot and the plate are the only necessities, and these are formed of a quality of steel which will resist the action of the heat. The upper end of the pot is shouldered to form a base on which the plate can rest, while a steel pin may be used to lock the two together. One side of the plate is left solid, but three sides have openings exactly similar to those of a stove top, and lips

may be provided to cover them. If the cook desires to hurry some particular pot or cool off another, all that is necessary is to swing the top of the stove around on its post to bring the pot where the flame is hottest, or vice versa. There is no danger of this stove upsetting, as the central post is driven firmly in the ground before the fire is started.

Corn Oil.

A rival of cottonseed oil, as a substitute for olive oil, is promised in corn oil. This is one of the by-products of corn. On every kernel of this grain there is a little fleck of yellow, known by experts as the "germ." Before corn may be shipped for export, this germ must be removed, else rancidity is almost certain to set in, and the cargo is in danger of being destroyed. The process for the removal of this germ is known as degemming, and its prosecution results in the production of an oleaginous substance, the only use of which hitherto, was a substitute for linseed oil in the manufacture of paints and for lubricating purposes. Efforts have been made from time to time to utilize it as a foodstuff, but failure to deprive it of its unpalatable qualities has rendered these futile. It is now announced in the West, however, that a process has been devised which is warranted to clarify, deodorize and make palatable this corn oil without material loss, and at the inconsequential cost of ten cents a gallon. There are now 5,000,000 gallons of crude oil turned out annually from the American mills, and as it has only been in connection with corn shipped for export that the degemming process has been used, the quantity may be increased indefinitely. Experimenting chemists are quoted by the Chicago papers as claiming that the corn oil is far more digestible than any of the oils now used for culinary purposes. Nevertheless, it will probably masquerade on the market as olive oil.—Manufacturer.

Permits Free Circulation of Air.

While an awning in front of a window will shade it from the sun on a bright summer day, yet it also shuts off the circulation of air to some extent, and is apt to render the room



Improvement in Window Awnings.

within close and stifling. In the drawing we show an awning invented by two Virginians, who claim that it will not cut off the supply of air, but rather augment. The object is to construct the awning in a manner to permit lateral adjustment of the frame. The latter, instead of being secured direct to the brackets on the window frame, is arranged to swing from one side to the other of the window. This, of course, would open up a strip the entire length of the window, and if any air was stirring it would find its way into the room. To embrace this feature the awning frame which carries the cloth shade must consist of a pair of bows, pivoted to a central support and having ropes to connect the ends of the bows with the usual brackets on the window frame, from which rods also project to the center of the bows, to form the pivot point. It is obvious that by adjusting the ropes on either side the awning is pulled around toward either right or left, as desired. To fold the awning a pull on the central vertical rope will elevate the bows and slide the whole frame up on the vertical rods at the sides.

Science and Invention.

Chronometers now record the millionth part of a second of time.

Mme. Rondeau-Luzan has hatched unfertilized frogs' eggs by sprinkling them with sugar and with common salt.

Chemical union is the result of the attraction of unsatisfied electric charges on different atoms for one another.

A telegraph instrument by which slight electrical shocks are communicated to the finger tips has been invented for deaf mutes.

It is announced that the government will erect the greatest wireless telegraph station in the world at Cape Henry. The principal use of the station will be to communicate with war vessels at sea, Tampa, Key West and Dry Tortugas and northern navy yards. The poles will be 200 feet high.



A model of middle class prosperity, by appearance! And he was sketching. A thrill ran down Mr. Brown's spine. He might not be the chief of the Russian police, but was he not on the eve of a discovery, an adventure, the possible player in a great and dramatic case?